PERUNA EDITORIAL NO. 2.

Dr. Hartman has claimed for many years that Peruna is an EXCELLENT CATARRH REMEDY. Some of the doctor's critics have disputed the doctor's claim as to the efficacy of Peruna.

Since the ingredients of Peruna are no longer a secret, what do the medical authorities say concerning the remedies of which Peruna is composed?

Take, for instance, the ingredient HYDRASTIS CANADENSIS, OR GOLDEN SEAL. The United States Dispensatory says of this herbal remedy, that it is largely employed in the treatment of depraved mucous membranes, chronic rhinitis (nasal catarrh), atonic dyspepsia (catarrh of the stomach, chronic intestinal catarrh, catarrhal jaundice (catarrh of the liver, and in diseases of mucous membranes of the pelvic organs. It is also recommended for the treatment of various forms of disease peculiar to women.

Another ingredient of Peruna, CORYDALIS FORMOSA, is classed in the United States Dispensatory as a tonic.

CEDRON SEEDS is another ingredient of Peruna, an excellent drug that has been very largely overlooked by the medical profession for the past fifty years. THE SEEDS ARE TO BE FOUND IN VERY FEW DRUG STORES. The United States Dispensatory says of the action of cedron that it is used as a bitter tonic and in the treatment of dysentery, and in intermittent diseases as a SUBSTITUTE FOR QUININE.

OIL OF COPAIBA, another ingredient of Peruna, is classed by the United States Dispensatory as a mild stimulant and diuretic. It acts on the stomach and intestinal tract. It acts as a stimulant on the genito-urinary membranes.

Useful in chronic cystitis, chronic dysentery and diarrhea, and some chronic diseases of the liver and kidneys.

These opinions as to the ingredients of Peruna are held by all writers on the subject, including Bartholow and Scudder.

DR. HYDRASTIS, BARTHOLOW SAYS it is applicable to stomatitis (catarrh of the mucous surfaces of the mouth), follicular pharyngitis (catarrh of the pharynx), chronic coryza (catarrh of the nasal cavity). The writer classes hydrastis as a stomachic tonic, useful in atonic dyspepsia (chronic gastric catarrh), catarrh of the duodenum, catarrh of the gall ducts, catarrh of the fluff bowels, catarrh of the intestines, catarrh of the kidneys (chronic Bright's disease), catarrh of the bladder, and catarrh of other pelvic organs.

BARTHOLOW REGARDS CUBEBA as an excellent remedy for chronic catarrh of the bladder, chronic bronchitis (catarrh of the bronchial tubes).

BARTHOLOW STATES THAT CUBEB, an ingredient of Peruna, promotes the activity of digestion, increases the circulation of the blood. Useful in chronic nasal catarrh, follicular pharyngitis (catarrh of the pharynx), increasing the tonicity of the mucous membranes of the throat. It also relieves leucorrhea (catarrh of the mucous membranes of the stomach), and in chronic catarrh of the colon and rectum, catarrh of the bladder, prostatorrhea, and chronic bronchial affections.

HILLEBRAND'S MEDICINAL PLANTS, one of the most authoritative works on medicinal herbs in the English language, in commenting upon COLLINSONIA CANADENSIS, says that it acts on the pneumogastric and vaso motor nerves. It increases the secretions of the mucous membranes in general. In the mountains of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Carolina, collinsonia canadensis is considered a panacea for many disorders, including headache, colic, cramp, dropsy and indigestion. DR. SCUDDER regards it highly as a remedy in chronic diseases of the lungs, heart disease and asthma.

These citations ought to be sufficient to show to any candid mind that Peruna is a catarrh remedy. Surely, such herbal remedies, that command the enthusiastic confidence of the highest authorities obtainable, brought together in proper combination, ought to make a catarrh remedy of the highest efficacy.

This is our claim, and we are able to substantiate this claim by ample quotations from the HIGHEST MEDICAL AUTHORITIES IN THE WORLD.

THE PULPIT.

A BRILLIANT SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. ROBERT COLLYER.

Subject: Toward the Sunset.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—The venerable but still vigorous Dr. Robert Collyer preached to the Third Unitarian Church Sunday morning to a large congregation. His subject was "Looking Toward Sunset," and for his text he took the two passages of Scripture: I. Timothy 4:8: "The promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come," and II. Corinthians 15:53: "This mortal must put on immortality." Dr. Collyer said:

I think it is no wonder, as the years come and go, and we fare on toward the sunset of the life that now is, the heart in us should feel a touch of dismay now and then when we try to imagine ourselves out of the body, but the same man or woman, away from the world we live in, yet still in a home which will be homelike and welcome, and of a day when the seasons will be no more with us, and the years be no more the stars, the streets on which we walk or the homes in which we dwell. We may see the clasp hands no more with friends; sit no more at the table and join in the cheery talk, go to our work in the morning and when our day's stint is done go home to some book we love best to read and then go to sleep through the kindly shadowy hours to wake again in the morning and find the Lord has made all things new. And I think this touch of dismay may well be one of all things natural and therefore right, because we are to be tested here by a man and manhood that will be true to our line of measurement, and so we grow from the knowledge of the evil in the world begins to lie more and more still and the knowledge of the good can hardly hold its own, and the good is the life we live and I lose more grace by that one man word, I gain by the one word did not; I think more of the bitter than the sweet, brood over the poverty and forget the mercy.

While I must say, with the great apostle, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be," but that we shall be of the faith that I shall be myself when I wake from the shadows of the sense and temporal into the light of the unseen and eternal, I shall pass out of one room in the "many mansions" of the house my Father has prepared for me in heaven was mine here will be there, and I shall walk in white in its robes, the harps and crowns, most of us would hesitate to say we should be best, after all, and do not want to give it up, no matter what may be waiting in the blessed life to come, the gravitation of our being holds us to our planet, and we cannot cry, "Oh, that I had wings like the dove! then would I flee away and be at rest."

Nor do I think that God's gift of life should be thought of as a gift to be worn in quarantine and this world a place to flee from, and we come and go should bring the heart to understand that this we call death should not be thought of—and especially by those who like myself have had a long lease of life—as a hane but a blessing, and not to die while we surely would this world be the loser by our staying; that those who die as most clearly would pray that we might be set free from the burden of the over many years. For it would make no matter to the creatures of the lower creation we have glanced at, if their life could run on forever in the old kindly grooves, because they must measure their life by their instincts, and the present moment is the perfect sphere. They want no better, as they fear not worse, and take no thought for the morrow. The squirrel has his nuts and the bee his honey, and so through all the spheres of their life.

But here lies the distinction between our life and theirs. Where they have instincts we have memories, where they have habits we have outlooks and lookouts, anticipations and reflections, and our manhood on this to which our reason holds its best our cross and our crown. Now, as Paley, who seems to have told a friend that he could not think or write anything new, but only the famous book on the evidences until fly-fishing was over.

No one thing in this universe can be of deeper moment to a man or a good man than his own proper personal life. Very many will be forever about being lost in the infinite, he will still cling to his identity as a true factor and say, with a very noble man I knew who has gone out—"I feel that God can't afford to send me to annihilation." The angels are well enough, but he would not be an angel. Angels have had no mothers to love them, no wives to be true to make out, or fathers to romp with and play horse with, and so through the time came, wondering over their own estate, but not over well. But when the good old days have